

# INN OF GAHNOBWAY

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*J. Kenneth Folkins*

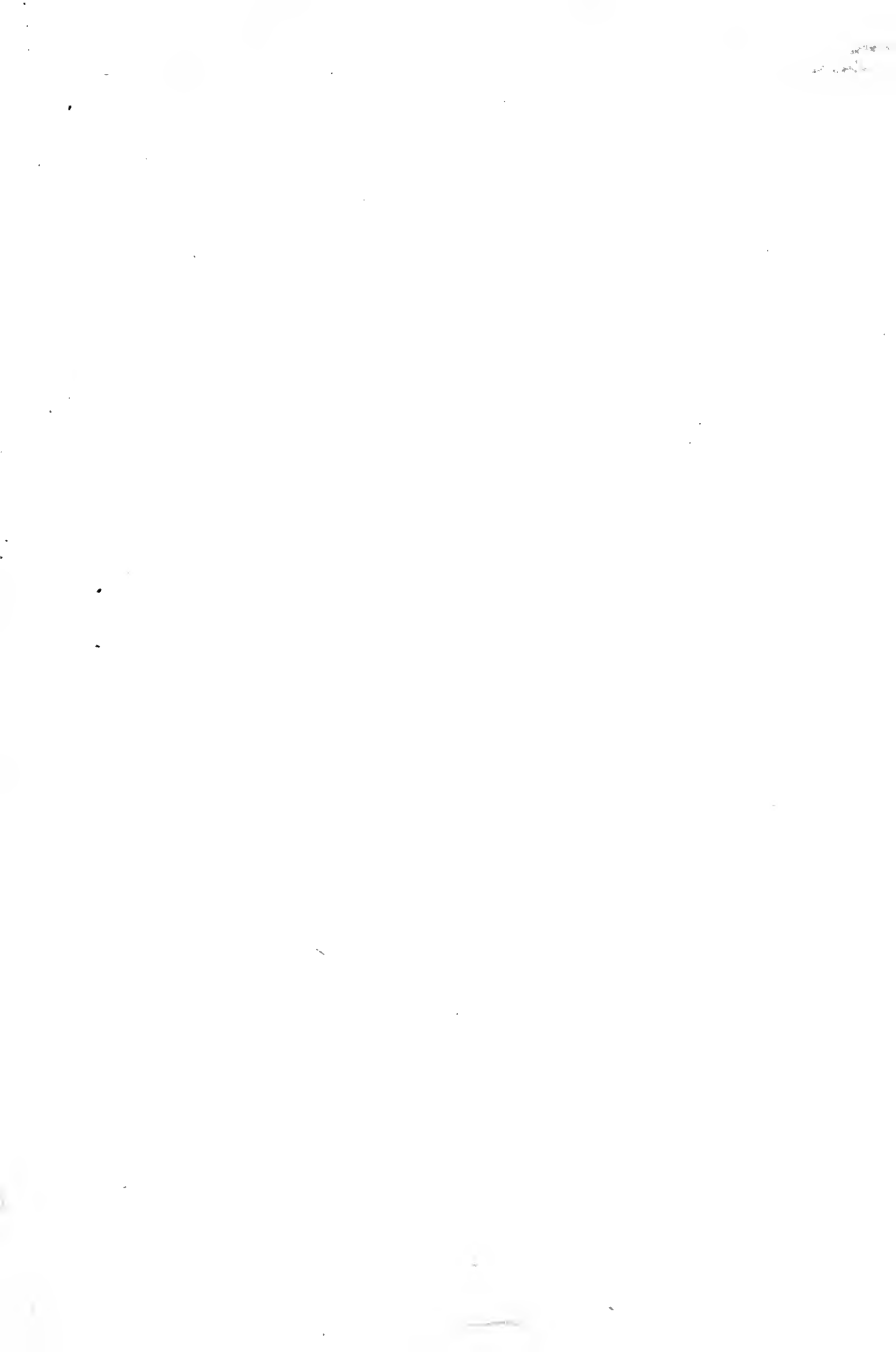


# The Inn of Gahnobway

By J. Kenneth  
Tolkien ❧ ❧ ❧



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### **Publisher's Letter.**

*I am now very old, my real person, perhaps, being known by few, but known to many as the "Mysterious Traveller."*

*Many years ago when rambling about the country, I came across these manuscripts in a hollow rock on Mount Royal, while occupied in analyzing the chemical nature of the stone.*

*I read the letters and placed them in my safe keeping. I gave up my former experiments and started out with a new purpose to find Gahnobway and relative places mentioned. Year after year passed, and still my travels continued, first, to the northward; then, to the westward; and hither and thither, but all in vain. I conversed*

*with the redman of both forest and prairie, and pedlars of many nationalities, who continually pass over Canadian highways ; but without success.*

*Whether Gahnobway and relative villages have passed into oblivion or been swallowed by some monstrous earthquake, or not, is a problem hard to solve. And now when I feel the Octopus of Age closing its tentacles around me, these manuscripts, that I have held for so many years, I deliver to the printers for publication ; but I will continue, for the rest of my life, the search for those obscure places, and solicit the earnest prayers of the world at large for my success.*

*I remain,*

*Yours very truly,*

*The "MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLER."*







## **Dramatis Personæ**

**Ye Dramatis Personæ of my Song  
of our olden time, when ye weary  
traveller gladly welcomed ye blaz-  
ing hearth, are Jake Saunders who  
kept ye olde Inn, his wife Esther,  
Uncle Anson ye olde Canadian pat-  
riarch, Erich ye Deutsche poet,  
Stelburn a sawyer, Conley who liked  
to hunt where ye olde redman trod  
and Ned Cheley an American ped-  
lar who solde many things \* \* \***



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**THE INN OF  
GAHNOBWAY**



## CHAPTER I.

---

### THE ROAD TO GAHNOBWAY.

---

A long, hoof-trodden road—a  
lonesome road,

Where here and there would  
spring a small abode

To catch the glance of some  
way-farer's eye,

Ere quite the sun had left the  
western sky.

Full well it might be termed a  
dismal way ;

For, through a forest dense of  
pine it lay

Nigh fifty years ago, or there-  
about,

Before the axe had found its  
presence out.

## CHAPTER II.

---

### GAHNOBWAY.

---

Upon a spacy clearing of the  
wood,

The little village of Gahnobway  
stood—

A cosy-looking ville of common  
ways,

Peculiar to those Pioneer days.

An old log school-house rested  
on the hill,

Some eighty paces from the  
planing mill,

Near which the little river made  
its course,

To work the wheel, supply the  
cow and horse.

But, best of all—now boys of  
books and dreams,

You cranks and maniacs of all  
extremes,

You preachers, students, politi-  
cians, all,

Think honestly of what your  
minds would call

A perfect rendezvous, and you'll  
agree

This village inn was with all  
certainty.

It was no loafer's roost, nor  
drunkard's bar ;

Unlike the taverns of these days,  
by far—

A home of intellects, a meeting  
place,

Where welcome reached to men  
of any race.

It nestled just beyond a gloomy  
bend,

And nightly shone a lantern to  
extend

An invitation to the coach, and  
hail

With eagerness, the coming of  
the mail.

### CHAPTER III.

---

#### THE TRAVELLERS.

---

'Twas fifty years ago (as said  
before)

When immigrants were flocking,  
by the score,

In this good land of ours, to earn  
their bread,

And find a pillow for an honest  
head.

Some chopped the cedars of the  
eastern shores ;

Some thanked the country for  
their harvest stores ;



While others of a roving turn of  
mind,  
Would face the mistles of the  
winter wind,  
To seek the wayside thresholds'  
quietude,  
Free from the boist'rous rabble  
and the rude,  
Where tongues of fire reflected  
their delight,  
And conversation wore away  
the night.

## CHAPTER IV.

---

### THE INN KEEPER.

---

Ye—s—summertime and all its  
    charms had gone ;  
The curtain of November had  
    been drawn ;  
The candles flickered through  
    the window panes,  
And from the cottages came  
    joyous strains  
To tempt the toilers from the  
    autumn blast,  
And join the children at the  
    night's repast.

Jake Saunders slapped his knee  
with keen delight,  
And hastened to arrange the old  
room right,  
That had through summer been  
quite closed, unused,  
And suffered dust to see the  
place abused.  
He called his wife to tidy up  
a bit,  
And place the mats, and get new  
candles lit ;  
He dusted all the frames upon  
the wall,  
And corners, where the eyes  
were sure to fall ;  
And, like the barley on a neigh-  
boring farm,  
The cobwebs fell beneath Jake's  
sturdy arm.

He set old books upon the  
mantle-shelf,  
That had been prized by all, as  
by himself ;  
And, after all looked pleasing to  
the eye,  
He fetched some logs of maple,  
old and dry,  
To welcome round the hearth,  
the men at e'en,  
Like some great lord within his  
grand demesne.  
He laughed aloud, and then he  
laughed again,  
For well he liked the gathering  
of men ;  
And, striking from his flint a  
spark or two,  
He lit the pile, then in a circle  
drew

The chairs around, to form a  
palisade

Against all cares the outer world  
had made.

At last he sat him down upon a  
chair,

To watch the sparks afloat  
on the air,

And whistled to his wife a tune  
of old,

With variations sweet and mani-  
fold.

“ Ha ! Ha ! ” he laughed, “ the  
boys will soon be here,

And we’re prepared to give ’em  
hearty cheer;

I saw old Stelburn at the mill to-  
day—

He’s comin’ up to hear what  
all will say,

And Chelcy, he'll be back from  
Winderpower

In just an hour from now—no,  
half an hour—

My eye! how time can hop  
along—I thought

'Twas only half-past seven, but,  
it's not

Much less 'an eight o'clock—I'll  
be about,

To get the glasses and the wine,  
without,

And, Esther, you will get the  
tots to bed,

And stamp my kisses on each  
little head."

## CHAPTER V.

---

### THE PIPES ARE LIT.

---

Unsteady tallow-lights, the shadowed door,

The rats at "hide and seek" beneath the floor,

A dreary window, its divided cloak,

A glowing coal, a streaky cloud of smoke,

The ring of glasses, and a word or two,

A greeting, "How'd you pass the summer through?"

A mellow murmur, and a little  
wit,

Too well confirm to us "the  
pipes are lit."



NED CHELCY.

---

Ned Chelcy has arrived with  
spirits high,

And passed his good opinion on  
the sky ;

He has, already, told about his  
trip

Far up the country road, with-  
out a slip,

Or contradiction, or a sudden  
stop—

For, at good yarns, Ned always  
was on top.

He was a pedlar of fine silks  
and thread,

Rich laces, velvets, of dark blue  
and red,

Deep green and purple, nearly  
every shade

That factories of finery ever  
made.

He was a Yankee from the  
State of Maine,

Of medium build, dressed nobby,  
neat and plain,

Fistidious in the combing of his  
hair,

Low collars were the only kind  
he'd wear ;

His boots were always shined  
and laced just so,

No matter where his work called  
him to go ;

He liked his ease when nought  
was on his mind,  
When he could talk of days  
he'd left behind,  
Adventures he had had, and  
"sights" he'd seen,  
Since he was but a lad of  
seventeen.

BEN STELBURN.

---

Old Stelburn, too, has come  
down from the mill ;

A sawyer, he, with great me-  
chanic skill,

A man well up in years, but,  
still as young

As though his long-passed youth  
was yet unsung.

In business few around could  
teach him aught,

For, after leaving school, himself  
he'd taught ;

He knew hard fractions, compound interest and  
Brain-puzzling problems none could understand,  
Save Chelcy, and the master at the school,  
Who worked at figures by a modern rule.  
The cottagers and farmers liked him well,  
For reasons they, themselves, could hardly tell,  
He liked to see the children play around  
His mill, or in the little school-house ground.  
He knew good stories for both young and old,  
Which, in the village, he had often told ;

And that's the reason he has  
come to-night,

To sit within, where songs and  
tales invite.

BILL CONLEY.

---

The hunter Conley has returned  
with pride,  
With well-filled bag and rabbits  
at his side,  
Which he, when next old Sol  
has shown his face,  
Will hang within the grocer's  
market-place.  
No one had e'er expected him  
so soon  
As the first quarter of Novem-  
ber's moon.

A "rough-and-ready" man was  
Bill at best,  
Who'd give and take a joke or  
flighty jest.  
He knew the tracks of caribou  
and moose,  
He knew the signals for the  
redmen's use,  
Their traps, their ways of fol-  
lowing a trail  
By day or night, in quiet or  
in gale.  
He liked to steal away in forest  
wild,  
That once on Indian warriors  
had smiled  
With game abundant and good  
fighting space,  
And shelter from a large oppos-  
ing race.



He liked the redman for his  
nature odd ;

Who did, like him, not care to  
plough the sod ;

But, rather take what was  
already there,

Without unneeded work and  
extra care.

In old Gahnobway he had  
always staid,

While tempest voiced the win-  
ter's serenade.

ERICH HERZ†

---

The German poet, Erich Herz,  
has come,  
Bright, philosophical and humor-  
some,  
A smiling little man, quite young  
in years,  
With curls of silver hair about  
his ears.  
Within his father's farmhouse,  
up the stream,  
Was where he mostly spent his  
time of dream ;

† Herz is the German for heart, and should  
be pronounced as Hartz.

For, there he had his den of  
many books,  
That mirrored ages in their  
ragged looks ;  
True, constant use had worn  
their clothing out,  
And many of their pages put to  
rout.  
Great masters he had lined up on  
his shelf,  
To answer things he didn't  
know himself,  
In Latin, English and his native  
text,  
O'er which he'd often bent and  
been perplexed,  
All folks around thought his  
opinion good,  
And gathered round him every  
time they could,

To hear the words he breathed  
with lowered voice,  
That soothed their souls, and  
made their hearts rejoice.  
His meaning eye well emphasized his speech,  
And planted firm each lesson  
he would teach ;  
And, as he listens to the maple  
crack  
On Saunders' hearth, and smokes  
the winter back,  
A pleasant smile upon it he  
bestows,  
And sings the boys a little song  
he knows ;—

## INTERIM I.

---

Irich sings—Who knocks?

---

“ O, winds of winter, blow,  
Ye heralds of the snow ;

    But what care we?  
From yonder prairie vast,  
From thy nor'-wester blast,  
    Our hearts are free.

O, winds of winter, blow,  
Thy breath is keen we know ;  
    But hold thy might  
That dooms the hermit's door,  
Or trav'lers on the moor  
    Or mountain height.

O, winds '—

'Hush ! there's a rap, a feeble,  
ancient rap—

Did you not hear it? like the  
gentle tap

Of some departed one we used  
to know,

Recalling visits of the long ago."

While Erich yet was speaking,  
in there peered

A kind old face with long and  
hoary beard ;

For, Saunders, who had answered  
to his call,

Had bade him enter from the  
dusky hall,

And join their fellowship with  
words and song,

And tell how he had chanced  
to pass along.

He entered, paused, and met  
their friendly eyes

That welcomed him with glad-  
ness and surprise ;

Then, up spake Erich with  
extended hand,

“ ’Tis Uncle Anson from the  
northern land—

Sit down, good father, Jake  
brings you some wine

To drink with us that health be  
ours and thine.”

He took the glass and made a  
little speech

With wishes for prosperity of  
each,

All through their earthly lives,  
and then wished he

An endless peace throughout  
Eternity.

Young Erich clapped ; old Stel-  
burn said, " Hear ! hear ! "

Ned Chelcy stretched his mouth  
from ear to ear ;

Bill Conley knocked the ashes  
from his pipe ;

Then drew a broad red hand-  
kerchief to wipe

The perspiration from his honest  
brow,

And cooly said, " Them's good  
words we'll allow."



UNCLE ANSON.

---

A grand Canadian patriarch  
was he ;  
The oldest known from Kingston  
to the sea ;  
He knew the history of our own  
clime,  
From early days down to the  
present time ;  
And it was whispered through  
the villes, around,  
He was a prophet and that he  
had found

Out many signs and secrets of  
the stars

And planets, and of Mercury  
and Mars.

Good qualities he had and bad  
ones too—

For, human nature is the same  
all through—

There never lived a man on earth  
who had

Not in his nature points both  
good and bad.

He understood the language of  
the trees

And flowers, and their many  
mysteries ;

And often he would talk, around  
the cots,

About the goblins, to the little  
tots,

And there enjoy the question  
and the laugh

And ‘‘ Huway up an’ tell t’udder  
half,’’

And other things he told to older  
folk,

That he thought true and others  
deemed a joke —

The many marvelous, hair’s-  
breadth escapes

He had, along with all his boyish  
scrapes.

It was believed by all he did  
relate

These tales to boys at quite an  
early date,

For theirs and his amusement,  
and had placed

Himself as hero, and, as quickly  
raced

The roll of years he really  
thought all true,  
And spoke with clearest con-  
science what he knew.  
But, owing to his age, he would  
forget  
And contradict himself quite  
often, yet,  
He always found the words to  
set him free  
From cross-examination ; he'd  
agree,  
That, over-rating words nigh  
always lend  
A chance for doubts of stories in  
the end.

## INTERIM II.

---

### Anson's First Tale.

---

*Chelcy.*—Well, boys, I guess the demonstration's done ;

Come, let us now continue  
with the fun.

Ah! yes, let's see—you haven't  
told us how

You spent the past year,  
Uncle ; tell us now.

*Anson.*—I hardly know as there  
is much to tell,

Excepting that my health  
kept fairly well ;

And Aunt Maria finished up  
the quilt ;  
And that the barn Jim started,  
now is built—  
That calls to mind a little  
incident  
That once occurred to me,  
when I was sent  
Long, long ago, to help to  
build a shed  
For farmer Wilkes (the old  
man now is dead).  
Well—off I went at quite an  
early hour,  
To give me time to take my  
morning tour ;  
For, I was fond of nature in  
my youth,  
Because, in it I saw the source  
of truth.

I reached Wilkes' farm in due  
time to begin

To dig the holes to put the  
scantlin's in ;

All went on well ; the shed  
was quickly made ;

And, after that, the cedar  
floor we laid—

*Erich.*—And did you make it  
all within a day ?

*Anson.*—Why yes, my boy, just  
thirteen farm-hands—yea—

Full fifteen (for 'twas harvest  
time, you know),

All did their share, and that  
was years ago,

When we were young and  
hardy, and could stand

A little extra labor of the  
hand.

So—when the shed was finished, home we went,

Quite tickled at our great accomplishment.

I had just reached my father's cattle-lane,

When thunder sounded the approach of rain.

All through that night the lightning leapt the sky ;

And, in the floods I heard a robin cry—

*Erich.*—A robin out in such a night as then ?

Come, Uncle, stop a while and think again.

*Anson.*—Well—if it weren't a robin, 'twas a bird,

Or hawk that, I am sure, I'd often heard.



Just then I went to sleep and  
didn't know

A thing, until I heard the  
rooster crow ;

All signs of storm had gone ;  
'twas bright and fine ;

I started out with hooks and  
fishing-line —

*Conley.*—Now, Unc', come, I  
ben waitin' here some time

'Ter ketch yer point ; but,  
blame me head, if I'm

Exac'ly bright enough t' un-  
derstand :

Ye started off by diggin' up  
the land ;

The nixt I heared wuz that  
ye built a shed,

An' 'en it rained around an'  
overhead ;

Ye fell asleep an' heared a  
robin cry,

Or sunthin' that went flyin'  
through the sky ;

An' now ye're goin' off ter  
ketch some fish,

An' think we'll be the suckers  
fer yer dish.

*Anson.*—Be patient, man, the  
end is coming now ;

Some side-notes in my tale  
you must allow.

As I have said before, I  
started out

To get a nibble from the bass  
or trout ;

I had to pass Wilkes' farm, to  
reach the brook ;

And, as I passed, I chanced  
to take a look

Up at the shed we built the  
day before ;  
And there I stood, dumb-  
founded to the core ;  
The cedar that we used, had  
proven green,  
And through that awful rain-  
storm it had been ;  
And it had taken root and  
grown, in height,  
Ten feet, as true as I sit here  
to-night.  
!!!! A gasp for breath ! a sigh !  
and all was still ;  
Bill Conley really looked ex-  
tremely ill ;  
Ned Chelcy grew quite restless  
sitting there,  
And roused up Stelburn, who  
slept in his chair ;

(’Twas true he had been sleep-  
ing all the time

That Anson was a-telling of his  
prime.)

The poet tried his best to hold  
belief

In Anson’s tale to give his mind  
relief,

And only said, “That truth was  
surely strange,”

And he’d prefer some fiction for  
a change.

Jake Saunders thought it quite  
a proper thing

To pass the wine and hear  
somebody sing.

So, voluntarily, Ned cleared his  
throat

To give to all a pleasing vocal  
note:—

## THE GALLOPING HORSE.

---

“ My galloper galloped me over  
the mead ;

There never was galloper like  
my steed :

O'er hills and in valleys, on  
mountain and crag,

When “ flying ” the bandit or  
hunting the stag,

Away we would fly,

My noble and I ;

No stone in the way,

Would induce him to stay;

My right noble galloping,  
galloping grey.”

*Chelcy continues (after a slight  
glance at Anson).—*

If you'll have no objections,  
boys, I'll tell

A little tale that I remember  
well.

It happened just a few short  
years ago,

Up on the main road that you  
surely know.

*A chorus of acquiescence, etc.*

THE RENIGHTED WOMAN.

---

“ As near as I can rightly call to  
mind,  
The Indian town, Lah-Möh, I'd  
left behind ;  
The night was fast approaching  
—dark, indeed,  
And weary were the haunches of  
my steed ;  
But, comforting, I bade him  
hurry on,  
To reach our resting-post at  
Binnington.

That day had been a busy day  
for me—

The best in all my pedling history ;

My purse was filled, my merchandise was sold—

All that my straps and canvas bags would hold.

My noble grey was trotting steadily,

With ears thrown back to hear me readily ;

And as I hummed a tune to ease my nerves,

He guided me around the broken curves.

The rain began to fall, quite chill and raw ;

A night of nasty weather I foresaw.



I buttoned coat and turned my  
collar high,  
Pulled down my hat rim to protect the eye,  
Then wrapped a woollen blanket  
round my waist  
And legs quite cosy, after which  
I faced  
The coming storm with all the  
courage due,  
But wished that Binnington  
would pop in view.  
On came the rain, and blacker  
grew the night,  
When, just ahead, a figure  
caught my sight ;  
I looked more closely—not quite  
certain yet—  
It couldn't be a woman in the  
wet ;

It couldn't be a man so far  
away ;

Nor could it be a child who'd  
gone astray ;

But as I came upon it, in the  
dark,

It moved ; I thought it best to  
make remark.

So—leaning o'er my seat, I cried,  
“ Hello !

Benighted, eh ! where do you  
wish to go ? ”

It was a woman, judging from  
the dress,

But, from the voice, 'twould  
have been hard to guess ;

For, such a voice, so husky,  
strange and wierd,

That answered me, old Nick,  
himself, I feared

Was playing witch-craft through  
a risen soul.

She gained the seat. Again the  
wheels did roll.

She told me that her home was  
five miles hence,

But after that she showed in-  
difference

Towards anything, I said, or  
chose to ask,

Or what I told about my daily  
task.

In such short sentences she  
answered me,

As if each word of hers was  
worth my three.

A long, deep silence fell ; nought  
could we hear,

But drizzling rain into the pud-  
dles near—

One of those silences where lies  
a scent

Of some impending mischief,  
discontent.

The post at Binnington was far  
away—

A good eight miles, or more, I'd  
safely say.

The keen suspense began to  
work on me ;

I glanced aside to see what she  
could see ;

Beneath a black veil gleamed  
two fiery eyes ;

A cold sweat on my face began  
to rise.

I took all in ; now firmly I  
believed,

That, through my good turn, I  
had been deceived.

That face was coarse and not a  
woman's face,  
Or else a man had stolen in her  
place.

Quick as a flash, the fact oc-  
curred to me,  
It was a robber bent on robbery.  
No doubt, he had been loitering  
all day,  
And knew that I'd be sure to  
pass that way  
With generous purse, and at a  
nightly hour,  
Without a pistol, and within his  
power.  
I knew I had scant time to med-  
itate ;  
Unless right quick to act  
'twould be to late.

So, clumsily, my whip I chanced  
to drop ;

I feigned an oath—hauled in as  
quick as pop.

I knew the whip would be some  
yards behind,

And asked my guest if she  
would be so kind

As get it—that my horse would  
surely bound,

If but he knew my hand was  
not around.

Quite unsuspecting he took in  
my bait,

By stepping down, a “ likely can-  
didate. ”

I waited till he reached the  
whip and stopped,

Then to my grey a word I  
softly dropped.

He knew too well what that  
light signal meant ;  
Besides, he, too, already smelt  
the scent  
Of something wrong ; for, I had  
never yet  
Reined in at that strange spot,  
nor even let  
His steady pace but slacken on  
the road,  
Unless I had to purchase or  
unload.  
Away ! The mocking rattling  
of the wheels  
Too well told madam how a  
hunter feels  
When he is baffled by the hunted  
game,  
And, unsuccessful, has to meet  
his dame.

Away ! I knew not, neither  
could I see ;  
But Blenholm knew ; that was  
enough for me ;  
And hardly was an hour three-  
quarters done,  
When I could see the light at  
Binnington.  
On, on we dashed—the goal was  
now in sight ;  
And, rumbling on, right well it  
did invite ;  
Until, at last, the hostelry we  
gained,  
Where I and Blenholm all that  
night remained.”



### INTERIM III.

---

#### Anson's Second Tale.

---

Ned Chelcy's tale with honors  
was received ;

And, doubtless, was by all of  
them believed ;

And Anson thought it safe to  
venture forth

With something he experienced  
in the North.

*Anson.*—Ned's story has recalled  
another tale,

Of how I once went through  
an autumn gale.

*Erich*.—Was this another time  
you went to fish,

When wondrous things were  
wrought to suit your wish?

*Anson (with a side glance)*.—

No, no, this is no fish-tale,  
though quite strange,

Nor did my mind, or any  
man's arrange.

I was no older then than Ned  
is now ;

And, this day I had gone to  
sell a cow

To some old widow up the  
river road ;

I also took with me a heavy load  
Of turnips and potatoes for  
her use,

Together with some eggs to  
set a goose.

'Twas evening ere I turned  
my horse's head  
For home, and, I can tell you,  
fast he sped ;  
Yet, not a half-way had we  
gained before  
The heavy clouds persuaded  
rain to pour.  
Loud burst the thunder, like  
a mighty drum,  
That almost deafened ear and  
struck me dumb ;  
But, bad as this was, with its  
peals that rolled,  
The lightning was still worse,  
a hundred fold.  
Like many golden chains it  
streaked the sky,  
And, I knew well, 'twas get-  
ting quite near by.

On dashed my horse, o'er  
stone and into loam,  
As eager as myself to gain  
my home.  
Another peal of thunder shook  
the air ;  
Another streak of lightning  
shot its flare ;  
But, this time it meant harm  
to something sure,  
And I felt not that I was well  
secure.  
Then, of a sudden, when it  
flashed again,  
Some hard thing in my coat  
could not restrain  
From flopping like a sparrow  
in a hat.  
You'll not believe me when I  
tell you that

It was my jack-knife that the  
lightning struck ;  
And, for a time, I couldn't  
find the pluck  
To get me rid of that steel  
knife of mine,  
Like some wee imp, possessed  
with bad design.  
But, as it still kept on inces-  
santly,  
A bright thought introduced  
itself to me.  
I knew the cloth would save  
me should it stay ;  
But, yet, I'd rather throw the  
thing away.  
So, opening my pocket good  
and wide,  
Into the road I let it quickly  
slide.

And then, the lightning left  
the plagued knife,  
And caught onto my tire and  
clung for life ;  
And, all the way, that brilliant  
wheel of light  
Did brighten up the darkness  
of the night,  
Till, finally, I pulled up at  
the farm,  
Well pleased I had escaped  
from any harm.

*Saunders.*—Here, Uncle, you  
had better have some wine ;  
Your strange, hair-standing  
tale was simply fine.  
All drank again, and talked a  
little while  
Of many things, and Jake again  
did pile  
Some logs to give new life unto  
the fire,  
And poked it up to suit his own  
desire.  
They had some singing and some  
arguments,  
But quickly settled every dif-  
ference ;  
And after some had filled their  
pipes anew,  
They all sat waiting for a treat  
in view.

It was a story Erich had prepared  
In his own rhyme, which was,  
by all, declared,  
According to the title, quite the  
thing  
To narrate to a village gathering.



THE VETERAN FARMER.

---

A tale of a lost love in the land of the  
Canadas.

---

“ In a small and scattered village at  
the east of old Mount Royal,

A small, ivy-covered home may still  
be seen ;

Where a ragged path wound from the  
stream for men of honest toil,

To the sheep-fold and the pasture  
o'er the green.

Day had sallied, in September, sweet  
and mellow with the hay,

And a crimson sun had sunk low in  
the sky,

When anon a weary toiler, with his  
simple evening lay,

Slowly marked his homeward pass-  
age through the rye.

One more day's hard work was over,  
for the swallows were at rest,

And the rooks' "good-night," was  
heard high in the air,

To a croaking frog, coquetting with a  
cricket in its nest,

And the scudding shadow of a  
hedge-hog there.

Oh ! how glad they made the farmer,  
those sweet minstrels of the  
night ;

How they made his age seem  
younger for the time ;

How he listened to the chorus—to the  
strain of their delight,

That recalled so many pleasures of  
his prime !

For he was a veteran farmer ; long  
had he been in the field ;

Many a day had seen him furrowing  
the ground,

Till its slumber it had broken, heav-  
ing forth a mighty yield,

Casting rich and goodly harvest all  
around.

\* \* \* \* \*

Forty years back had he come there,  
in the spring-time, young and  
gay,

When so sweetly blew the austral  
breezes in ;

And he met a little damsels not so very  
far away,

Who stole all his heart and whom  
he wished to win.

In the morning, while at ploughing,  
once he watched her graceful  
trip

In the distant meadow on her  
father's farm,

Where she came to watch the lambs  
feed, with a smile upon her lip,

And a little hickory basket on her  
arm.

And, at noon-day, once he tarried with  
his shouldered fork and rake,  
Just to watch her give the "bossy"  
cows their salt,  
When she pushed some "mooly" gently  
by, that boldly tried to take  
Her own pet jersey's meal that she  
had brought.

\* \* \* \* \*

One year later just at even, walked  
two lovers down the lane,  
Each one dreaming, each one finding  
nought to say,  
As they heard the old St. Lawrence  
playing its sweet pebble strain  
To the night hawk, and a distant  
horse's neigh.

Sweet and bashful was the maiden,  
hardly in her sixteenth year,  
With a simple faith that thought all  
souls were true,  
And her voice was strong with courage,  
for her nature was sincere,  
And the art of coquetry she never  
knew.

That was why the farmer loved that  
little jewel he had found,  
For he knew the world, its vanities'  
decay,  
And he thought it all a blessing that  
her presence reigned around,  
Giving light to worldly shadows of  
the day.

O, how often, through that summer  
on the log fence they had sat,  
Glad enough when all their daily  
work was o'er ;  
Where no one could hear their gossip,  
to each other they could chat  
Over happy hours enjoyed in days  
before.

And old speedy time would hasten to  
its destiny afar,  
While their hearts gave vent to love  
that never died ;  
And the arrow shot by Cupid, glancing  
slightly Venus star,  
Kissed the mighty bond that love  
for love had tied.

All the world seemed full of blessings,  
saddened hours could never be ;  
To their minds it seemed that no ill  
could befall ;  
But there was a cloud arising where  
their eyes could never see,  
Whispering that " trouble is the lot  
of all."

Autumn came with chilling evens;  
winds re-echoed through the  
eves;  
Damp became the ground ; unwel-  
come came the frost ;  
Melancholy looked the maple, robbed  
of all her yellow leaves,  
Wailing, " One more summer-time  
is gone and lost."



'Twas upon one autumn even when a  
maiden tripped along,

With a home-made shawl thrown  
lightly o'er her head ;

With her eyes turned towards her  
lover's home, she sang her  
sweetest song

To the murmurs of the river eastward  
led.

But the wind knew nought of pity for  
the charge within its care,

For it had too often nipped the  
autumn flower,

Chased away the high-crowned blue-  
jay, left the meadows brown and  
bare,

And robbed all the morning-glories  
from the bower.

Night passed ; morning, noon and  
evening followed on into the  
week,

When the breath of Heaven whis-  
pered “ ’Tis thy time;”

All the summer roses faded from an  
uncomplaining cheek ;

And a soul reposes in a Land sublime.

\* \* \* \* \*

Down the old lane, sadly, lonely,  
walked the lover slowly by ;

For a heavy-laden heart encumbered  
him :

Something pressed upon his spirit,  
causing him to heave a sigh,

As he watched her cottage in the  
twilight dim.

Then he heard some voices rising to  
the Kingdom far away,  
Singing, "Take this soul to pastures  
that are thine,  
Where the bugles blow so loudly at  
the breaking of the day,  
With the golden harps resounding  
through the vine."

Dropped upon his knees the lover,  
with his hat within his hand ;  
With a drawn despairing face he  
stared the ground,  
Thinking of his bitter future, thinking  
of the other Land,  
Which, he knew, his fair companion's  
soul had found.

Then his large eyes opened widely ;  
his Creator did he face,

And his good unselfish heart was  
reconciled ;

And, still looking towards the heavens  
and the large expanse of space,

This was all he said unto the fairy  
child.

“ Sleep, fair one—I ll not disturb  
thee—sleep till sounds the bugle  
loud,

That will call me to rejoin thee bye-  
and-bye,

When my work on earth is over, and  
my head at last is bowed,

When the thorns along my path  
have gone for aye.

\* \* \* \* \*

Forty winters, forty summers, forty  
wrinkles on his brow,

Forty years of melancholy dimmed  
his sight ;

Now he was a veteran farmer, trudging  
on, old, bent and slow,

Through his field of rye this gentle  
autumn night.

He had dwelt alone those many years,  
companions wished he none ;

He preferred to face his weary life  
alone :

He had lost what he had wished to  
have when life had just begun,

And had gained nought that he  
could call his own.

Though he had the greatest harvest  
that was ever wont to grow,  
It was but a pleasure that would pass  
away,  
With the promise of more labor, and  
full many seeds to sow  
For the next year's crop, when  
spring would bring the day.

But his days were nearly over ; year  
by year he'd counted time,  
As he'd watched each sun sink down  
behind the hill ;  
And he wished, that, on the morrow  
he could reach the other Clime,  
Where a throbbing heart is calmed  
and mind is still.

\* \* \* \* \*

Over in the little churchyard, just  
beneath a shady tree,

Where the warblers' sweet music  
floats abroad,

Lies at rest the veteran farmer, free  
from life's monotony,

And his soul is in the Paradise  
of God.

## INTERIM IV.

---

Baby—Anson's Third Tale.

---

All eyes looked down when  
Erich ceased to speak,  
Each noticing a tear upon his  
cheek,  
The tremble of his voice, and  
other signs  
That showed his heart and soul  
were in his lines.  
And quietly they sat, without a  
word,  
No doubt, each thinking of  
what he had heard,



When, from the stairway, sound-  
ed sweet and low,  
A mother's voice that set their  
hearts aglow ;  
As, with her lullaby, she lulled  
to sleep  
The babe she fondled in her  
loving keep.  
Then, once again, the wraith of  
silence came,  
And turned their faces towards  
the maple's flame.  
Long minutes passed ; the old  
clock ticked away,  
And no one seemed to know  
just what to say.  
Old Stelburn touched Ned  
Chelcy on the arm,  
And asked him what had Erich  
found to charm.

All eyes around were turned on  
Erich now,  
Who sat with pleasure dancing  
on his brow,  
Quite evidently to all others  
blind,  
For this is what was running  
through his mind :

BABY.

---

“ Cuddled on a mother’s breast,  
Deep in sleep and peaceful rest,  
In a safe and loving care—  
Nought can ever harm it there,  
    This is where the baby lives.

This is where the baby lives—  
Where the breath of Heaven  
    gives  
Innocence and purity,  
Mind of curiosity,  
And a little smile of love  
To the stars that shine above,

While they whisper in its ear,  
"There is room for baby here ;  
Only come and play with us  
As the wind of Heaven does ;  
We will give thee half the lune  
For that little prattle tune."  
Where the silver moon is large,  
Cradled on the heavens' marge ;  
This is where the baby lives.

This is where the baby dwells—  
In the land of fairy-bells,  
Where the goblins grin and lurch,  
Straddled on a fairy perch,  
Dressed in blue, and red, and  
green,  
(Finer sight was never seen)

Where the fairy maidens come,  
When the goblins beat the drum,  
Pumpkin, hollow, yellow, bright,  
Calling to the dance of night,  
To the ring of fairy bells ;

    This is where the baby  
    dwells.

This is where the baby dwells  
When the day has sung its  
    knells—

Back to mother's loving breast  
For another night of rest,  
Back to Dreamland's solid bliss,  
Where the angels come to kiss,  
Tripping down the golden stair,  
Seemingly from everywhere ;

Rosy cheeks and lips as sweet,  
Nimble dancers, wings as fleet,  
Fairer hair could never be,  
Eyes of gladdest brilliancy,  
Voices of the skylarks' hearts,  
Chorusing a thousand parts,  
Hushing all the lily-bells,  
In the land where baby dwells."

*Stelburn.*—Hey ! Erich, wake  
you up ; we're waiting here  
To get the best attention of  
your ear :

Our good, kind uncle has an-  
other “ string ”

To tell us of a curious hap-  
pening.

*Myself.*—Ah ! Stelburn, if you  
could have known the pang  
You caused by uttering that rude  
harangue,

To wake up Erich from his  
blissful dream,

To hear old Anson “ letting off  
his steam ! ”

But, since the deed is done,  
nought can I do,

But bear with Erich, there, and  
hearken too.

*Anson.*—'Twas thirty years ago  
—one summer's day,

I drove from Brail (about ten  
miles away)

A load, I'd say, of fifty logs,  
or more,

That I had felled for Birks to  
build his store.

O, a fine, fine team I had, you'll  
all agree,

To haul that load with such  
agility.

Well—very slowly was our  
progress made,

By several break-downs on the  
road delayed ;

But just before the hour of one  
drew nigh,

The old red bridge caught  
sight of my supply ;



And if it could have spoken, I  
presume,

It would have said, " 'To cross  
will be your doom.' "

I then hauled in — stepped  
down to ascertain

Its strength and wear, and just  
about the strain

'Twould safely stand, put at  
its greatest test ;

It was too weak I should have  
surely guessed.

Now, what was I to do ? for,  
there I stood,

Not knowing how to cross  
that rotten wood ;

But Providence did always  
give ideas

To me, just in the time of need,  
as free as

That inspiration comes to  
Herz's mind,  
Who writes his lines and  
changes with the wind.  
Accordingly, right down the  
bank I went  
Into the river swift, and con-  
fident  
That I could hold the bridge  
sufficiently  
Upon my shoulder, till my  
load was free  
And safely landed on the other  
side ;  
This, I knew, could be worked  
if but 'twere tried.  
So, wading to the centre of the  
stream,  
I put my shoulder 'neath the  
middle beam ;

Then cried, "Get up!" to both  
my horses there,  
That soon obeyed by moving  
on with care.  
They reached a quarter-way—  
the bridge it sank ;  
I wished that I had staid upon  
the bank.  
A half-way gained, and further  
did it sink ;  
What next would happen I  
could only think.  
Three-quarters gained ; I  
breathed more freely now,  
And pressed as hard as muscle  
would allow,  
Until at last my team did cross  
and stop,  
And waited for their human  
underprop.

And now, what think you ?  
When I tried to wade,

I found that I had sunk to  
shoulder-blade—

Almost—in mud, and ere I  
could get free,

I had to struggle with dex-  
terity.

*Saunders.*—But, Anson, under-  
neath that bridge I've been,

And never yet a speck of mud  
have seen—

In fact, 'tis all flat rock, as  
smooth as glass ;

That spot's just where I used  
to fish for bass.

*Anson.*—Well, well, so I'll ad-  
mit, but you must know

Things change ; this happened  
thirty years ago,

When all was mud as far as  
Elfin Glen ;

The stream has washed it all  
away since then.

And now, Ben Stelburn, let us  
hear your tongue

At some good tale that hasn't  
yet been "strung."

### THE "HERMIT"

---

" It was in Elfin Glen, where  
hunters go

To lay their traps and hunt the  
fox and roe.

I was quite young—no more than  
twenty-two,

And there I lived and all the  
people knew ;

And there lived two men that I'll  
not forget—

The worst two men, I think, I've  
ever met—

Two brothers, Ben and John  
Churl, known by all  
As surly men, whose natures  
were to crawl  
Like adders in the stillness of  
the night,  
With venomous deeds and animal  
appetite.  
Back in the woods, just on a  
clearing there,  
A little hut stood, built quite  
low and square ;  
'Twas never known by folks, on  
any side,  
That it had ever yet been occu-  
pied,  
Except by hunters who would  
pass that way,  
And use it for a sort of place to  
lay

Their guns and ammunition, or  
their traps,  
Or even stop a night or two,  
perhaps.  
'Twas in October I was passing  
by,  
When something there unusual  
caught my eye ;  
The hut had been repaired,  
without a doubt,  
And from the chimney smoke  
was coming out.  
I stepped up to the door and  
gave a rap,  
To make acquaintance with the  
unknown chap.  
The door soon opened, and before  
me stood  
A man, appearing as a hunter  
would,



Dressed in the plain coarse cloth-  
ing hunters wear,  
Quite elderly, with stature very  
fair,  
Of fine face and a courteous  
manner, though—  
Unlike the manners common  
people know.  
'Tis needless to take time to em-  
phasize,  
With more impressive language,  
my surprise  
On facing one of such genteel  
demean,  
So very seldom in that country  
seen.  
Abashed at my intrusion, with a  
choke  
To stammer out my errand, then  
I spoke,

And told him that I'd noticed  
the abode

Had been repaired, and its  
appearance showed

Good signs of occupation, to my  
view,

And to my mind seemed lik~~ly~~ly to *e/*  
be true,

That some by-passing hunter was  
inside,

And for his good acquaintance  
had applied.

I offered my heart-felt apology,  
Which he repaid by smiling  
down at me

With such a glowing smile that  
all seemed well,

Then bid me enter for a little  
spell.

There everything was cosy as  
could be,

The kettle singing out the time  
for tea.

He laid his table, poured a horn  
of wine,

Hospitably inviting me to join,

He talked about the hunting  
quietly,

And all about the game around,  
but he

Avoided saying aught to me  
about

Himself, and who he was I've  
ne'er found out.

Then shortly afterwards I left  
the hut,

With my good-night, and heard  
the door swing shut.

And after that, whenever passing  
me,  
He always recognized me courteously ;  
And so with all the settlers  
everywhere  
Who well respected his commanding air.  
He seemed to have good luck in  
hunting game,  
And in his trapping seemed his  
luck the same ;  
And many times fur traders,  
passing through,  
Bought quantities of furs from  
him, 'twas true ;  
And rumor, floated by some elf  
or witch,  
Said he, undoubtedly, was getting rich.

One early morn I heard a rifle  
shot,  
And followed by another on a  
spot  
Hard by the "hermit's" hut,  
and I thought sure,  
That he was bagging game right  
at his door.  
I didn't mind a quick run  
through the wood,  
And wished to see his plunder, if  
I could.  
I gained the clearing in a little  
time ;  
Great Heavens ! What was it ?  
a dreadful crime ;  
There lay the "hermit," dead,  
upon the ground,  
And Ben Churl just near by I  
also found.

Both had been shot ; John  
Churl was standing there,  
With shouldered rifle and a  
sullen stare.  
I felt the chill of murder in my  
veins,  
When gazing at the deepest  
dyeing stains  
That do not only stamp a  
victim's end,  
But stripe the fiend's heart, and  
God offend.  
Heart-sick I quick returned,<sup>1</sup> to  
tell the news  
Of what I'd seen, along with my  
own views.  
A number hurried to the scene of  
death,  
With growing awe and many a  
sighing breath,

To give rude burial with  
reverence,  
And learn the meaning of the  
grave offence.  
Churl's tale was well "fixed up,"  
you may depend ;  
He said he'd shot the " hermit "  
to defend  
Himself, and that the " hermit "  
had killed Ben,  
While they were passing by the  
" miser's den."  
But this the settlers never could  
believe,  
So well they knew Churl's nature  
to deceive ;  
But, yet, they could do nought—  
no court had they,  
The nearest Justice being miles  
away,

A few weeks after John Churl  
left the place  
For some small ville where no  
one knew his face,  
Blamed and disgraced, and to  
Mephisto sold,  
In his vain attempt to find the  
“hermit’s” gold.

\* \* \* \*

'Twas some years after, business  
took me forth  
To a small and out-o'-way place  
further north.  
I put up at a humble hostelry,  
Where I was treated very civilly.



'Twas in the spring, and fires  
were burning still

On every hearth, nights keeping  
damp and chill.

One night while settlers sat before  
the glow,

I heard them speak in conversa-  
tion low,

That did unveil the " hermit's "   
mystery ;

As one man said, " It was like  
this, ye see.

It 'pears that this John Churl  
some years ago

Left Elfin Glen an' hopped in  
here, ye know,

To do the nasty work 'e'd done  
for years,

To gain for 'im the blackest of  
careers.

He brought with 'im a wife that  
proved a chouse,

An' furnished up that little old  
log house

That stands away up yonder on  
the hill,

Where everything looks peace-  
able an' still.

Wa-al, some time after Pete, the  
pedlar, come

To sell 'is goods an' make 'is  
yearly sum ;

An' jest afore 'is stock 'ad all  
been sold,

He disappeared ; a passin' farmer  
told

Us all 'e'd seen 'im but a few  
days past,

An' that 'e'd stopped at John  
Churl's dwellin' last.

This caused suspicion 'mong the  
villagers,

Who soon contrived to trap 'is  
murderers.

The village women formed a  
quiltin' bee,

An' got the stiffest wine they  
could, ye see,

An' they invited Mrs. Churl  
around

To drink right freely and 'er wits  
confound.

She come ; they quickly finished  
with the task ;

Then all drank health an' some  
began to ask

Each other questions. as to w'at  
she'd do,

If 'er own husband's guilt of  
crime she knew.

Most said, "I'd tell on 'im,"  
an' some said nought,  
An' after w'ile, without the  
least forethought,  
Fired with the wine, did Mrs.  
Churl reply,  
That 'er own husband caused a  
man to die,  
An' that 'e'd killed the pedlar,  
some time missed,  
Who fought for life, but did in  
vain resist.  
Enough was said an' soon the  
"bee" was o'er,  
And home she went an' met  
Churl at the door.  
Suspicious, he, that somethin'  
'ad gone wrong,  
He asked 'er w'at kept 'er way  
so long,

And if she'd let out any secrets  
there.

She pled for mercy ; he began to  
sware ;

An' grabbed the axe an' hit 'er  
on the head,

An' down she fell, 'is victim, an'  
was dead.

This ended John Churl's crimes  
forevermore,

For men of all around went by  
the score,

An' took 'im to a town without  
delay,

W'ere law is king an' justice 'as  
its sway,

W'ere 'e confessed 'is life o'  
butchery.

He'd killed just six afore dis-  
covery ;

Two down in Elfin Glen, one in  
Maw-Yew,

An' three up 'ere, 'is wife, an'  
pedlars two.

An' e' was hanged," so there you  
have the end

Of a man who led a life too bad to  
mend."

INTERIM V.

---

Anson Sings.

---

“ Those days of youth  
And boyish truth,  
    When all was bright and gay ;  
When mother’s care  
Was everywhere ;  
    Why did they pass away ?

Those apple-trees,  
And bumble-bees,  
That robin's roundelay,  
That oriole  
That boldly stole  
My heart, O, where are thy ?

O, where are those  
Long ragged rows,  
Where hidden berries lay ?  
That I would strip  
And stain my lip ;  
Have they all passed away ?

I still can see  
An apple-tree,  
And on a summer's day,



A robin sings  
Me warblings  
    Whene'er I pass that way.

I eat my fill  
Of berries still,  
    I scent the breath of hay ;  
The oriole  
Sings, heart and soul,  
    In each sweet month of May.

But, one and all,  
I cannot call  
    The same as used to be ;  
For time does change,  
And they are strange,  
    And have no charms for me.

I'll see no more  
Those things of yore  
That sped my youthful day ;  
For years have rolled,  
And I am old,  
And all have passed away.''

*Erich* —Ah ! father Anson, sing  
it but again ;

'Twas so much like the songs  
of ancient men,

That used to strike inspiring  
harps at night,

And sing within their camps  
of armoured might,

Those strains that told of  
younger warrior days,

When all was bright and hope-  
ful to their gaze.

Of those sweet days the old  
bard Rodrich sang,

The big brass bell of Frankfort  
loudly rang,

The bards of Treves breathed  
many a lingering note

That now lies buried in their  
haunts remote.

Yea, sing again ; it has re-  
newed the fire  
My spirit once did kindle with  
the lyre,  
In some forefather centuries  
ago ;  
Yea, sing till all our hearts do  
overflow  
With keen enthusiasm and  
delight,  
Till all our voices shall at last  
unite.  
The good old man sang many  
times his song,  
In aged accents, deep, and low,  
and long,  
Till all around had learned and  
sung the piece,  
And weariness persuaded them  
to cease.

Low burnt at last the sleepy-  
growing fire,  
Reminding of the hour to retire ;  
The candles impolitely blazed  
but low.  
(A gentle hint that it was time  
to go.)

Now, in a sort of melancholy  
strait,

Young Erich drowsily does med-  
itate—

*w/*

All lost in thought—no one can  
think for why ;

See how that moisture fills his  
large blue eye.

“ Ah ! me,” he sighs, “ all  
gone those happy days,

That precious little soul, her  
pretty ways,

Like unto some sweet fairy—  
wiser still—

And pretty as the little daffodil.

Ah ! Florence, wert thou saint  
or seraph born,

That used to teach me on a  
summer morn."

*Saunders.*—Stay, Erich, what  
strange sayings utter you ;

Why say you " Florence ;"  
whence bid she adieu ?

Why say you " daffodil," and  
" precious soul,"

And " seraph," " saint," and  
" fairy " ; why so droll ?

*Erich.*—My sister was the bur-  
den of my thought,

And for her little soul my  
spirit sought.

When in that hearth of dying  
embers there,

I chance to look, it fills my  
mind with care,

For it brings back a cold  
November day,

When her sweet spirit flew  
from me away.

*Anson.*—Pray, tell about this  
“seraph” and her mind ;

She truly was a jewel hard to  
find.

FLORENCE.

---

I.

“ A flower, extremely sweet, the  
lily queen

But from what heaven? We  
knew not whence it came ;

For, when a bud, she knew of  
wiser things

Than older people of the village  
farms ;

And, when a bud, she spoke  
with highest mind ;

Unearthly voices charged her  
little soul,



And told her stories that had  
ne'er been told,

Except to angels passing in the  
night.

Her eyes were blue, and calm,  
and deep with thought,

And pure her countenance as  
lily fair ;

Unknown she was to other  
children's pranks—

Her little hand touched nought  
but benefit

To some sad little buds more  
rude than she.

Her tongue sang nought but love  
and holy thoughts,

And, like the petal of a modest  
rose,

Revived old age and kindled  
some small spark

a/

That smouldered deep into an  
aching heart.

Her hair—yes it was gold but  
richer still,

And far more precious were its  
charms to me ;

And, often 'twixt the glowing  
and the shade,

When she had wandered o'er  
the little hill

To take her seat between the  
churchyard mounds,

An eye would see that little  
shining head,

And think that golden-rod was  
growing there.

## II.

The church-bell rings. She opes  
her eyes and ears,

And wonders if 'tis calling those  
to prayer

Who dwell within the " City of  
the Dead."

She looks around, but not a  
lingering soul

Nor sound does tell to her of  
presence there.

And then she says, " There  
must be some mistake,

Or, surely they are Quakers,  
and their songs

Of praise and prayer in silence  
give to God."

### III.

Such pretty speeches oft she  
spoke to me

When we were seated 'neath  
the apple tree,

Before the heat of noon, with  
languid gaze,

Had looked upon us with its  
sleepy eye.

How often she would pluck a  
dandelion,

That, old and grey, had nearly  
past away,

And ask me how it ever came  
to be ;

And once she ask me, with a  
solemn face,

If such, so fair, possessed a little  
soul ;

“ For see !” she said, “ They  
once were young and bright ;

They now have donned their  
little shrouds of grey ;

Their earthly lives they now  
prepare to leave,

When they will scatter lessons,  
pure and good,

For next year’s babes to follow  
through their lives ;

They need no houses, for their  
faith in God

Preserves them ’neath the  
heavens’ canopy ;

And selfishness they never yet  
have known ;

We tread, and pluck, and still  
they beam on us,

As if to say, ' 'Tis for the sake  
of you

That we are here, and if it  
pleases Him,

Murmur we'll not, but will in  
patience wait

Until our sun has set behind the  
hill,

Until our feebleness has taken  
wing,

And flown beyond the ocean of  
the King.' ''

#### IV.

So spake she, thus she thought  
of many things

All through each happy day  
until the night,

Till passed the childhood of this  
little bud,

Before the longer days had  
stolen in ;

Then tenderness and sadness  
took their place,

Mingled with hope, caressed  
with modesty,

A plaintive glance upon the  
outer world,

An eye of simple faith towards  
the sky.

The hand that once would fold  
the pansy's wing,  
And feed the birds that wel-  
comed her at morn,  
Now guided brush and paint on  
canvas rude,  
To shade the pictures of her  
dreamy past.  
The heart that once embraced  
the nature world,  
Now slumbered in the bosom of  
the Church.  
All worldly fancies (if had ever  
been)  
Had flown away and let the  
Spirit in.  
Forsooth, she lived not to this  
earth confined,  
Her "shell" was here, the  
precious "pearl" was not ;



And on a damp and chill Novem-  
ber day,  
The "shell" was slowly sunk,  
and washed away.

V.

But, still I see her, e'en as much  
as then,  
A living light, appealing to the  
mind,  
That fills the vacant chair as  
some benign  
And watchful angel of my narrow  
path.  
It seems to tell me what none  
others tell,  
And comfort me when worldly  
shades befall

And strew along my path a day  
of night  
That covers all that's pleasing  
to the sight ;  
And teach me how to smile  
when troubles come  
To decorate my happy little  
home.  
' For,' sayeth it, ' I'm with your  
happiness ;  
And also share your glass of  
bitter wine ;  
So, cast thy sorrows to the pass-  
ing day,  
And laugh, as never laughed,  
your cares away,  
And sleep to-night a slumber,  
peaceful deep,  
For I am by thy side, and  
watchful keep.' "

## CHAPTER VI.

---

### Anson's Farewell Speech— “ Good-morning All ”

---

The last glass now was passed,  
and all arose

To drink good health to  
Saunders at the close,

And Anson uttered on behalf of  
all,

Some words of gratitude, that  
one might call

A sort of speech unto the goodly  
host,

But, like a benediction seeming  
most.

*Anson.*—Jake Saunders of Gahn-  
obway village inn,

Well pleased were we to  
gather, kith and kin,

Beneath this roof of hospi-  
tality—

Accept this toast from all our  
friends and me.

'Time speeds along ; in time all  
old will be,

But age can ne'er destroy the  
memory

Of this, our meeting in this  
cosy room,

Where all is free from trouble  
and from gloom.

This sacred draught denotes  
a bond that's strong,

And cannot break be time  
however long.

2/

And by this draught we wish  
prosperity,

Long life and happiness in  
store for thee ;

And, more than this, an ever-  
lasting life,

Free from old mother earth's  
turmoil and strife.

Drink boys, drink now, and  
then we'll say 'good-night;'

The morning soon will give to  
us its light—

No, no, 'good-morning ' is  
the word to say,

What was I thinking of—'twill  
soon be day.

Good-morning, Jake ; good-  
morning Erich Herz—

In time you will be master of  
the arts—

Good-morning, Stelburn; give  
my love to Jane ;  
Good-morning Chelcy—(just  
hand me my cane)  
And, Conley, you must call to  
see the folks,  
Before returning to the forest  
oaks.  
Good-morning, all ; I hope it  
won't be long  
Before we'll meet again for  
tales and song.  
And so the night had passed  
and morning come  
To chase away those men, so  
humorsome,  
In old Gahnobway where Bill  
Conley staid  
While tempest voiced the win-  
ter's serenade.

FINIS.







## Additional Rhymes

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### FOUND IN THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET

A WINTER'S NIGHT.....	PAGE 155
A DEDICATION.....	" 159

### VOICES OF A SUMMER PAST, by Erich Herz

THE HEART-THIEVES .....	PAGE 167
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**Found in the  
Waste=Paper  
Basket ✂ ✂ ✂ ✂**



## A WINTER'S NIGHT.

---

Dedicated to my Chums.

---

When daily cares have sped  
away, and winter breezes blow,  
I like to "fly my homeward kite"  
to reach my room, you know ;  
Then close the door and pat the  
coils to welcome in the heat,  
And place a cosy chair to give  
my old-time chum a seat.

I like to talk to him about the  
times of long ago,  
The many games we used to  
play, the tricks we used to  
know,  
The little bridge above the dam,  
the river swift and low,  
Where all the boys would come  
around to spend an hour or so.

I like to see him smoke his pipe  
with pleasure in his eye,  
And hear him tell about his  
romps in summer's drifted by,

When he was but a thoughtless  
boy, a-living in a town

Where folks were young at sixty  
and would cast no glances  
down

On every honest boist'rous boy  
who liked to jump and bound,  
And take full pleasure out of  
life when pleasure could be  
found.

O, happy it does make my heart  
to hear him laugh again,

With that assuring ring that tells  
of boyhood's happy reign ;

And after he has sung the songs  
I've heard him sing before,  
I like to see him fill his pipe  
before he leaves the door ;  
And shake his good, hard-work-  
ing hand, that plants a rough  
adieu,  
An earnest hope to meet again  
for one more interview.



## A DEDICATION.

---

To Jean Eugène Marsouin, with  
best wishes for his success  
as a poète Canadien-  
Français.

---

My dear old boy, you speak of  
love, hope, tenderness and  
passion,

Away from artful voices of  
society and fashion ;

You understand the stalwart  
heart ; you know who brings  
you sorrow ;

And who'll present his face to-  
day, and show his back to-  
morrow.

We've walked along the crowded  
streets and through the hills  
together ;

We've heard the song old na-  
ture sings in June and August  
weather ;

And, like two lovers. on we go  
and share each others ~~sor-~~ sor-  
row ;

7

We "shake" the heart's good  
will to-day, and meet again  
to-morrow.

No pretty creeds estrange our  
hearts ; we are each others ~~bro-~~ brother ;

7

Our minds dwell on those  
thoughts that are akin to one  
another.

Then let us "shake" again, old  
boy, in happiness or sorrow,  
And smile at woes that come to-  
day ; they'll steal away to-  
morrow.





**Voices of a  
Summer Past**  
By ERICH HERZ





## THE HEART-THIEVES.

---

Sing on, ye sweet voiced warblers  
That ope my eyes at early  
hour,  
And tell me of the happiness  
That dwelleth in that shady  
bower.

Sing on, ye birds of sweet  
content ;

Ye know no trouble, no, not  
one,  
To steal away thy talents sent,  
And leave thy little hearts  
alone.

Sing on, ye little thieves. sing  
on ;

Ye've stolen all my heart away,  
And leave me none to cast upon  
My many duties of the day.

Sing on, my truest little friends  
That pay me back my heart  
with praise ;  
Sing on till even's shade descends  
And sows its seed for other  
days.

## LAND OF FLOWERS.

---

Land of flowers,  
Sweetest bowers,  
    Nature's gaudy home ;  
Lily-bell  
Ring thy knell  
    In thy slender dome.

Short is time  
In thy clime,  
    To the soul of love ;  
With thine eyes  
On the skies  
    Tinted far above.

Golden tips  
Are thy lips,  
    When they drink the dew,  
Lightly born  
In the morn,  
    Giving brighter hue.

Through the day,  
All the way  
    Float thy streamers green ;  
Sunny rays,  
As the haze,  
    Gather o'er the scene.  
May the skies  
Close thine eyes  
    In the wintry air ;  
Peaceful sleep,  
Pure and deep,  
    Is my solemn prayer.

### SCHOOL IS O'ER.

---

Slipper, slapper, down the street,  
Sound the little urchins' feet ;  
Tedious day of study spent,  
Over slate and reader bent ;  
School is o'er, and hearts are  
    gay—  
Banished are the cares of day.

Towards the field they mark  
their course,  
'Mid their shouts extreme and  
hoarse ;  
See ! their bats and baseball  
there,  
Sharing in their lack of care ;  
Wantonness and folly stored  
In their souls—full pleasure  
poured.

Play away while limb is young,  
Till your song of youth is sung;



Sunshine soon will fade away ;  
Grasp it while it shines to-day ;  
School is o'er, and blank is day  
To the head that's turning grey.

### THE LAKELET.

---

Quiet and still ; no ripple nor a  
sigh ;

At peace with all that 'neath  
the waters lie ;

At peace with God above.

Lo ! shadows come, dim, lazy-  
winged and grey,

With tidings of the dying of the  
day,

Embracing it with love.

And, quiet still, the night descends apace,  
And, ling'ring round, usurps the shadow's place  
To kiss the lakelet there ;  
The dew-drops dip to mingle with her own ;  
Though lip to lip, the night doth breath alone ;  
Till morning stirs the air.









